### The Adventure Of The Blue Carbuncle

PART TWO,

By A. CONAN DOYLE Copyright, 1921, by Harper & Bros. Published by special arrangement with The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"Oh, certainly, certainly, answered
Mr. Baker, with a sigh of relief.
"Of course, we still have the feathers, legs, crop, and so on of your own
bird, so if you wish—"

about the matter. Are you hungry, Watson?"

"Your beer should be excellent if

Yes. I was speaking only half an

hour ago to Mr. Henry Baker, who was a member of your goose club."
"Ah! yes, I see. But you see, sir,

them's not our greese.

Which was 12?

"Indeed! Whose, then?"
"Well, I got the two dozen from a salesman in Covent Garden."
"Indeed? I know some of them.

We passed across Holbern, down Endell Street, and so through a zig-

The salesman nodded, and shot a

questioning glance at my companion. "Sold out the geese, I see," contin-led Holmes, pointing at the bare slabs of marble.

"Let you have 500 tomorrow morning."

"Well, there are some on the stall with the gas-flare."

'Ah, but I was recommended to

"The landlord of the 'Alpha."
"Oh, yes; I sent him a couple of

"Fine birds they were, too. Now where did you get them from?" To my surprise the question pro-voked a burst of anger from the

his head cocked and his arms akim

"It is straight enough.

bo, "what are you driving at? Let's have it straight, now."

like to know who sold you the geese which you supplied to the 'Alpha.'"

'Now, then, mister," said he, with

I should

That's no good."

'Whio by?'

ceive upon the sideboard."

The story so far:

About four o'clock on Christman amorning Peterson, the commissionaire, was returning home from a small joilification. In front of him he saw in the light of a street lamp a tallish iman, walking with a slight stagger, carrying a white goose slung over his shoulder. At the street corner a row occurred between this and his stick to count of the street of the st ed for the robbery.

room his chair in his excitement.

"Yes, it would have been of no use to any one had we hot done so. But I presume that this other goose upon the sideboard, which is about the same weight and perfectly fresh, will answer your purpose equally well?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," answered Mr. Baker with a sign of relief. TODAY'S INSTALMENT. "Hum! So much for the police court," said Holmes, thoughtfully, tossing aside the paper, "The quesossing aside the paper. "The ques-ion for us now to solve is the se-quence of events leading from a rifled quence of events leading from a rifled jewel case at one end to the crop of a goose in Tottenham Court Road at the other. You see, Watson, our little deductions have suddenly assumed a much more important and less innocent aspect. Here is the stone; the stone came from the goose, and the goose came from Mr. Henry Baker, the gentleman with the bad hat and all the other characteristics with which I have bored you. So now we must set ourselves very seri-The man burst into a hearity laugh.

"They might be useful to me as relies of my adventure," said he. "but beyond that I can hardly see what use the disjecta membra of my late acquaintance are going to be to me. No, sir, I think that, with your permission, I will confine my attentions to the excellent bird which I perceive upon the sideboard." we must set ourselves very serinow we must set ourselves very seriously to finding this gentleman, and ascertaining what part he has played in this litte mystery. To do this, we must try the simplest means first, and these lie unloubtedly in an advertisement in all the evening papers. If this falls, I shall have recourse to other methods."

"What will you say?"

"Certainly, sir," said Baker, who

"What will you say?"

"Give me a pencil and that slip of pager. Now then: 'Found at the corner of Goodge Street, a goose and a black felt hat. Mr. Henry Baker can have the same by applying at 6.30 this evening at 221-b Baker Street.' That is clear and concise."

"Very, But will he see it?"

"Well, he is sure to keep an eye on the papers, since to a poor man, the loss was a heavy one. He was clearly so scared by his mischance in breaking the window and by the approach of Peterson, that he thought of nothing but flight; but since then he must have bitterly regretted the impulse which caused him o drop his bird. Then, again, the introduction of his name will cause him to see if, for every one who knows him will direct his attention to it. Here you are, Peterson, run down to the advertising agency, and have this put in the evening papers."

"In which, sir?"

"Oh, in the Globe, Star, Pall Mall, St. James', Evening News, Standard, Echo and any others that occur to

"Oh, in the Globe, Star, Pall Mall, St. James', Evening News, Standard, Echo and any others that occur to you."

"Very well, sir. And this stone?"

"Ah, yes, I shall keep the stone. Thank you. And, I say, Peterson, just buy a goose on your way back, and leave it here with me, for we must leave it here with me, for we must were shining coldly in a cloudless

leave it here with me, for we must have one to give to this gentleman in place of the one which your family is now devouring."

When the commissionaire had gone, Holmes took up the stone and held it against the light, "It's a bonny thing," said he. "Just see how it glints and sparkles. Of course it is a nucleaus and focus of crime. Every good stone is. They are the devil's pet balts, In the larger and older jewels every facet may stand for a bloody deed. This stone is not yet 20 years old. It was found in the banks of the Amoy River in Southern China, and is remarkable in having every "Your beer should be excellent if your stand of the states." is remarkable in having every characteristic of the carbuncle, save that it is blue in shade, instead of ruby red. In spile of its youth, it has already a sinister history. There have been two murders, a vitriol-throwing, a suicide, and several robberies brought about for the sake of this 40grain weight of crystallized charcoal. Who would think that so pretty a toy would be a purveyor to the gallows and the prison? I'll lock it up in my strong box now, and drop a line the countess to say that we have it "Do you think that this man Horner is innocent?"

"Well, then, do you imagine that this other one, Henry Baker, had anything to do with the matter?"

"It is, I think, much more likely that Henry Baker is an absolutely innocent man, who had no idea that the bird which he was carrying was have so homely a thing as a gross at the bird which he was carrying was have so homely a thing as a gross at

the bird which he was carrying was of considerably more value than if it were made of solid gold That, however, I shall determine by a very simple test, if we have an answer possible that our inquiry may but confirm his guift; but, in any case, we have a little line of investigation which has been missed by the police, 'And you can do nothing until and which a singular chance has placed in our hands. Let us follow it out to the bitter end. Faces to the south, then, and quick march!"

"Nothing."
"In that case I shall continue my professional round But I shall come back in the evening at the hour you have mentioned, for I should like to

"Very glad to see you. I dine at seven. There is a woodcock, I believe. By-the-way, in view of recent occurrences, perhaps I ought to ask Mrs. Hudson to examine its crop."

I had been delayed at a case, and it was a little after half-past six when I found myself in Baker street once

myself in Baker street once As I approached the house I with a coat which was buttoned up to his chin, waiting cutside in the bright semicircle which was thrown from the fanlight. Just as I arrived, e door was opened, and we were own up together to Holmes' room. "Mr. Henry Baker, I believe," said

he, rising from his armchair, and greeting his visitor with the easy air of geniality which he could so read-ily assume. "Pray take this chair by fire. Mr. Baker. It is a cold night and I observe that your circulation is more adapted for summer than for winter. Ah, Watson, you have just me at the right time. Is that your

Yes, sir, that is undoubtedly my

He was a large man, with rounded shoulders, a massive head, and a broad, intelligent face, sloping down to a pointed heard of grizzled brown. A touch of red in nose and cheeks, with a slight tremor of his extended hand, recalled Holmes's surmise as

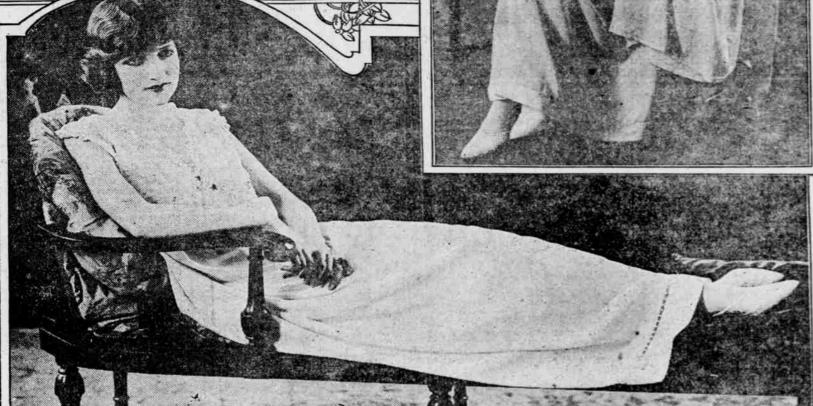
## Delightfully Demure and Dainty Is the Lingerie

she is entirely at ease in body and the sheerest of white stuffs. mind over matter, still it must be skin loves to touch. admitted that there is much to be said for things material and their ef- good cause under the sun why her

spirit. And while it would be more believes thoroughly at such a time than futile to deny the potency of in having only those fabrics that her

Nor-reasons she-is there any fect upon our thinking. If for the kiddles should lack any of the beautime and place we have the desirable ty that it is the part of her upper





Upper Insert—Simplicity makes for the charm of this combination of flesh colored crepe de chine, on which ribbon and a bit of baby Irish lace are the only elaboration. Lower Insert—Tucked and trimmed with Valenciennes lace in the bodice of this stiken "nightie,"

## Beauty Chats By Edna Kent Forbes

ANSWERS TO LETTERS.

Very Thankful-Glycerine and ros water applied to the face will not en-courage the growth of hair. There is nothing except the electric needle. which will remove superfluous hair permanently from the face. Howrubbing the skin with a mixture equal parts of peroxide and amget rid of pimples, taken three cakes every day. This is easiest to take if you dissolve one cake in a little wa-ter and drink it at meal times. This is easiest to take if as good as your geese," said he.
ly geese!" The man seemed Miss Ova-Weight-You do not want

to reduce too fast. About two pounds a week is considered a safe rate. Do you live near a Y. W. C. A.? If so, you can join a gymnasium there.

A Constant Reader—You probably have a very dry skin. The best daily face treatment for you is as followsold clothes wrung from hot water over the skn until the pores are open. Massage in a good cold cream, then wash the face thoroughly with hot water and castile soap. Follow this water and castile soap. Follow by a cold rinse or an ice rub. "Breckinridge is his name."
"Ah! I don't know him, Well,
re's good health, landlord, and starch treatment you mention would be very good if you had an oily com-

Broken-Hearted-Biting the nails is a nervous habit which you can only overcome by usng your will-powe You might try rubbing alum on the have so homely a thing as a goose at one end of this chain, we have at the other a man who will cartainly get bite your nails. I seven years' penal servitude unless we can establish his innocence. It is get rid of pimples. nails as a reminder, since you will get a bitter taste whenever you begin to bite your nails. Instead of taking one yeast cake a day, take three to

Anxious—Put sulphur ointment on the entire scalp and once every two weeks shampoo with sulphur. If in a month or so, the scalp marks are still there, you had better be examined by a scalp specialist.

MISS LILLIAN SULLIVAN, organist at St. Patrick's church is arranging a varied program of Irish music to be presented at the church on March 18th. scalp specialist.

Anxious—An excellent powder to ceding St. Patrick's Day.

clear the skin of blackheads is made

Corn or wheat starch, two ounces Powdered borax, one ounce Almend meal, two ounces Mix this and use it with soap or stead of soap. Wash the skin with

not water, rub in a small quantity of the powder, rinse out with hot water and then with cold. Weepy-You probably have a habit ot bite the lips and do not moisten them with your tongue, when you are out in the cold. It would be a good thing if you bought a lip stick of white cold cream—this would prevent

D. M. W.—If the skin on your face eels, your complexion s too dry and you require a good cold cream made with olive or almond oil would

All inquries addressed to Miss Forbes in care of the "Beauty Chats" department will be answered in these columns in their turn. This requires considerable time however owing to the great number received. So if a personal or quicker reply is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the ques tion.-The Editor.

THE REGULAR MEETING of the Daughters of Isabelle will be held in the club room, 189 State street on next Monday evening

BY ELSIE ROBINSON, BY ELSIE ROBINSON,

Did you ever stop to think how much more comfortable Family Life would be if we had to treat our relans as politely as if they were strangers? Sounds sorta chilling, but top and consder the facts.

What do the loving home tie usually signify?



Interference-large, gloomy interference—criticism, nagging, ssing, bothering, butting in—that's a line of action we think blood relationship gives us the right to put Think of some family conversations

out the truly affectionate gangs who ould go to the stake for each other ake it from me, World, they'll do Love that would result in a hurry ill for the ambulance if anyone tried down at the office. They'll spill secrets and bust up

They'll spill secrets and bust up player with more caution and con-lans with no more regard for each ther's feelings than a cannibal would be a long sight joilier to be ve if he were borrowing your hind treated as paying guests.

### Listen, World! Advice To The Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Authority on All Problems of Girls and Questions of Love and Romance.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

Dear Miss Fairfax:

My dearest friend, a girl of twentyfour years, with a splendid education,
a fine position and a good home, has
fallen in love with a man one year
her junior. He is a poor clerk, of
little education, who goes to school
evenings, and has great dreams of
becoming something big. He has the
principles and character of a Lincoln
or a Franklin. Because all her
friends and family are against the or a Franklin. Because all her friends and family are against the match she has decided to give him up and forget him, but I know she thinks of him constantly, and I wonwhether we are acting right in

"The principles and character of an Abraham Lincoln or a Benjamin Franklin." You say the man has these and yet you feel that if your friend marries him she will disap-point her friends and family and practically throw herself away. Who are you to interfere between a man and the woman who loves him? I'm sorry the girl hasn't enough strength to defy you.

leg for his evening meal. However leg for his evening heat, in well if you suggest that they stop their vivisecting they're highly indignant. They inform you that they're doing it "for the other's best interests."

Believe it not. We interfere be-Believe it not. We interfere because we like to interfere and because we can get by with it in the family. If we tried it any piace else we'd get a poke in the eye. It isn't love. It's just plain meddling and bad manners. We handle the piano

His remarks were suddenly cut short by a loud hubbub which broke out from the stall which we had just

pestering me any more with silk talk I'll set the dog at you.

"She told me to ask you.

Brixton Road,"

(To Be Continued.) NO CRIME TO FORCE PERSONS TO TAKE BATH

and that forcing a person to take bath does not constitute a crime. left. Turning round we saw a little rat-faced fellow standing in the centre of the circle of yellow light which was thrown by the swinging lamp, while Breckinridge the salesman, framed in the door of his stall, was shaking his fists fiercely at the cringing figure.

"The had enough of you and your made any profest against the a crime.

"The had enough of you and your made any profest against the a crime.

"The had enough of you and your made any profest against the action."

The judge inquired whether she made any profest against the beth-

made any protest against the ing. Mrs. Hodder replied that she did until two nurses got her dress off, when she submitted and said: "All You right, girls; I'll have a bath.

and bring Mrs. Oakshott here and PH an-fash-swer her, but what have you to do dians with it? Did I buy the geese off Mrs. harshly, yet he thought that the re-

afternoon.

W. CONGDON POST, American Legion, will hold a whist and pino-chle at the club rooms this evening.

Tomorrow-The Adventure of

"No; but one of them was mine all

e same," whined the little man.
"Well, then, ask Mrs. Oakshott for

"Well, you can ask the King of Proosin, for all I care. 'Ive had enough of it. Get out of this!" He

this may save us a visit to

rushed fiercely forward, and the in quirer flitted away into the darkness

# **Marries** By ANN LISLE.

At about 8 o'clock it stopped raining. I decided to forsake my lonely hig chair in the lobby of the Inlet House and go out for a walk. It seemed to me that the poker players must be tired and headachy now from their long confinement in Lane Cosby's room, and that Valerie or even Jim might like to go with me for a breath of air. So I hurried around to the door and tapped gently. No answer. Then I rapped smartly, and after a minute or two Lane Cosby came to the door.

His coat was off and his sieeves rolled above his ebows. The room was heavy with smoke. Every man but Jim had removed his coat. Val was in their midst, narrow-eyed and nonchalant, smoking a cigarette and ruffling the edges of her cards with a slim forefinger. There was a tray of sandwiches and ginger ale on a side table.

"It's cleared," I announced, with waning enthusiasm. "I thought you might have noticed it. So, I'm calling your attention to it. Who's for a walk with me?"

Before anyone else could answer, Jim looked up, the crease between his

When A Girl

walk with me?"

Before anyone else could answer,
Jim looked up, the crease between his
eyebrows folding in and the brows
themselves twitching as I'd never before seen them do. His fingers beat a
tattoo on the table, his shoulders
hunched—his gambling posture.
"My wife doesn't know poker—or
understand its charm," he explained
jerkily, while I stood humiliated at
having him explain me to the three
strange men who were in the room.

strange men who were in the room. The game's not over, Anne. Probably won't be-till when did we say? Oh, yes, 6:30. Run along, child.

and take your walk."

Valerie looked up, smiled at me, waved the hand holding her cigarette. Then the door closed to a murmured, "I'm sorry" from Lane

When I got to my room I found that I no longer cared to take a walk. "Of course I can't go out," I told myself, walking over to the window and stretching my eyes wide and holding them fixed and solemn on a slim, white, spire-topped church far away. "How could I go out in the wet without rubbers? And I haven't any. So of course I can't go out. None of us can possibly today."

Then I flung myself down on the bed to rest for the evening. But I had no physical weariness from which to rest, and no refuge from my own thoughts.

own thoughts.

own thoughts.

All day long no one had paid the least attention to me. I simply had not counted. That dreadful breakfast in Valerie Cosby's staffy, untiroom; myl unch alone; the dragging hours. How different it would have been if I'd stayed with Betty! Betty would have thought of me. Ill and suffering she would have been

Betty would have thought of me. Ill and suffering, she would have been a kinder hostess than the spoiled beauty a few doors away.

Contrasting Terry, tall and trim and perfectly groomed, with Lane Comby, whom his wife called a "big brown bear," was almost funny. And there would have been Tony, tookind, unselfish, patient, dependable Tony with his steady ice-blue eyes under heavy brows that didn't twitch. I brought myself back with a start. With whom was I contrasting Tony?

Then I must have dozed, for all of

Then I must have dozed, for all of sudden I heard Jim's voice crying: a sudden I heard Jim's voice crying:
"Haven't you started dressing yet?
It's seven and dinner will be in half an hour. Val left us an hour ago. Now try to look half-way decent, Anne." So I got up and tried. But I'd only So I got up and tried. But I'd only my old gray and rose dress—and a feeling of being abused because I hadn't been given enough notice to rend down to Wickham's for the stunning lace and jet dress they could probably have finished up in a hurry. And when we got downstairs there was Valerie in a slim, girlish thing—white brocade draped softly over a girdle of black velvet. She was pale, but crimson-lipped, and her hair had an enormous amber comb in its black waves. She looked like a new hybrid waves. She looked like a new hybri a cross between gardenia and

poinsettia,
"How dear you look—like straw-berry ice cream!" she cried smooth-ly. That made me very conscious of the contrast we presented—ice cream

All through the dinner she smoothly sweet to me and creamlly deferential to her husband and flashingly brilliant when she turn-ed to Jim the many-faceted nature she chose him to see.
I had a bad time of it holding my

end. I was dull. I couldn't manage gracious manner. My head ached ideas wouldn't come. Presently that Then dancing. I had paartners but they didn't matter. In the fore I had paartners, ground of my consciousness was the fact that I hadn't seen Jim and Val-erie since the third or fourth dance. I kept going till midnight. Then I ound Lane Cosby and told him had a headache and was going to

"Little Val was tired and went long ago," he replied indulgently.
"Then you don't mink me rude," I said gratefully.
"Not a bit of it. Run along."

So I ran along. When I got up-stairs it occurred to me that it might be only decent to stop at Valerie's door and see if there was anything could do for her. I turned down the corridor, stopped at her room and knocked ever so lightly. No

"Mrs. Cosby-it's Anne. Can I do "Mrs. Cosby—it's Anne. Can I to anything for you?" I whispered, Still no answer. In a sort of stu-por I turned the knob. It gave. The door opened and I stepped over the threshold. The room was empty.

London.-It has been ruled in Eng-

In giving judgment fr the guar-dians, the judge said that although Mrs. Hodder had been treated

ed in good faith. THE RECTOR'S CHAPTER of St

THE MEMBERS OF THE HARRY

Brixton Road," whispered Holmes. "Come with me, and we will see what is to be made of this fellow." REV. RICHALD D. HAPCHS of Southport will be the speaker at the Priday evening tenten service at St. Luke's church this week.

"You'll never persuade me to be- 117 Brixton Road, egg and poultry about the matter, and I should-" "Well, then, I shan't tell you. So | "Oh, it is a matter of no import nce; but I don't know why you

should be so warm over such a "Warm! You'd be as warm, maybe, if you were as pestered as I am.
When I pay good money for a good
article there should be an end of the
business; but it's 'Where are the
geese?' and 'Who did you sell the geese to? and 'What will you take for the geese?' One would think they the geese? One would think they were the only geese in the world, to hear the fuss that is made over

"Well, I have no connection with any other people who have been in making inquiries," said Holmes, b carelessly. "If you won't tell us the bet is off, that is all. But I'm al-ways ready to back my opinion on a maxter of owls, and I have a fiver on it that the bird I ate is country

"Well, then, you've lost your fiver for it's town bred," snapped the alesman. "It's nothing of the kind,"

"I say it is."
"I don't believe ft."

"D'you think you know more about fowls than I, who have handled them ever since I was a nipper? I tell you, all those birds that went to the 'Alpha' were town bred."

"Will you bet, then?"

"It's merely taking your money, for I know that I am right. But I'll have a sovereign on with you, just to teach you not to be obstinate."

The salesman chuckled grimly. "Bring me the books, Bill," said

The small boy brought round small thin volume and a gre greasy-backed one, laying them o together beneath the hanging lam "Now, then, Mr. Cocksure," said the salesman, "I thought that I was said out of geese, but before you'll find that there is still my shop.

whom I buy. D'you see? Well, then, here on this page are the country folk, and the numbers after their names are where their accounts are in the big ledger. Now, then! You see this other page in red ink Well, that is a list of my town suppliers. Now, look at that name. Just read it out to me."

"Mrs. Oakshott, 117 Brixton Road —249," read Holmes.

read Holmes. e se. Now turn that up in Holmes turned to the page indi-

Now, then, what's the last entry?"

"'December 22. Twenty-four out from the stall which we had just left. Turning round we saw a little rat-faced fellow standing in the centre of the circle of rather than the centre of the circle of t "'Sold to Mr. Windigate of the 'Alpha," at 12s.'"

Sherlock Holmes looked deeply chagrined. He drew a sovereign from his pocket and threw it down upon the slab, turning away with the air of a man whose disgust is too deep for words. A few yards off he stoned under a lampagest and

ors of that cut and the 'pink 'un' the solid or of this pocket, you can always draw him by a bet," said he. "W. I dare say that if I had put floo it." lown in front of him, that man would not have given me such a complete information as was drawn from him by the idea that he was doing me on

"What have you to say now?" geese," he shouted. "I wish you were all at the devil together. If you come

stopped under a lamp-post and laughed in the hearty, noiseless fashon which was peculiar to him. When you see a man with whisk-

wager. Well, Watson, we are, I fancy, nearing the end of our quest, and the only point which remains to be determined is whether we should so on to this Mrs. Oakshott tonight, or whether we should reserve it for tomorrow. It is clear from what that surly fellow said that there are others